King. Heere, with a cup that's ſtur'd unto the brim,
As you doe love, fill to your Miſtreſſe lips,
We drinke this health to you.
Knights. We thanke your Grace.
King. Yet pauſe a while; yon Knight doth ſit too melancholy,
As if the entertainement in our Court,
Had not a ſhew might countervaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaiſa?*
Thai. What is't to me my father?
King. O attend my daughter,
Princes in this, ſhould liue like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes to honour them:
And Princes not doing ſo, are like to Gnats,
Which make a ſound, but kild, are wondered at:
Therefore to make his enterance more ſweet,
Heere, ſay we drinke this ſtanding boule of wine to him.
Thai. Alas my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a ſtranger Knight to be ſo bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.
King. How? doe as I bid you, or you'l move me elſe.
Thai. Now by the gods, he could not pleaſe me better.
King. And furthermore tell him, we deſire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.
Thai. The King my father (ſir) hath drunke to you.
Per. I thanke him.
Thai. Wiſhing it ſo much bloud unto your life,
Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he deſires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentle man of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Arts and Armes.
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough ſeaes reft of ſhips and men,
And after ſhip-wracke, driven upon this ſhore.
Thai. He thankes your Grace; names himſelfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the ſeas,

Bereft

Bereft of ſhips and men, caſt on the ſhore,
King. Now by the gods I pitty his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we ſit too long on trifles,
And waſte the time, which lookes for other revels.
Even in your armours as you are addreſt,
Will well become a Souldiers dance:
I will not have excuſe, with ſaying that
Lowd muſicke is too harſh for Ladies heads,
Since they love men in Armes, as well as beds.
They dance.
So, this was well asked, t'was ſo well performde,
Come ſir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too:
And I have heard you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their meaſures are as excellent.
Per. In thoſe that practiſe them, they are (my Lord)
King. O that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courteſie: unclaſpe, unclaſpe.
They dance.
Thankes gentlemen to all; all have done well,
But you the beſt: Pages and Lights, to conduct
Theſe Knights unto their ſeverall Lodgings:
Yours ſir, we have given order be next our owne.
Per. I am at your Graces pleaſure.
King. Princes, it is too late to talke of love,
And that's the marke I know you levell at:
Therefore each one betake him to his reſt,
To morrow, all for ſpeeding doe their beſt.

Enter Hellicanes and Eſcanes.

Hell. No *Eſcanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from inceſt lived not free:
For which the moſt high gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in ſtore, due to this haynous
Capitall offence; even in the height and pride